

# The GUIDON

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January - February  
1909



State Female Normal School  
Farmville, Va.



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# The Guidon

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## My Fairyland.

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Sed credula vitam  
Spes fovet, et melius cras forte semper ait.  
—Tibullus.

To-morrow, O sweet To-morrow !  
To-morrow is my Fairyland !  
Sadly I think of yesterday ———  
A wreck-strewn, barren stretch of sand,  
Beneath low skies of gray.

To-morrow, O divine To-morrow !  
I shall be brave and wise To-morrow !  
Weakness and failure marred To-day;  
My strength was sapped by pain and sorrow—  
I stumbled in the way.

To-morrow, God, O sweet, To-morrow !  
Untouched and pure that New World lies—  
Thy world and mine: A golden strand,  
A golden dawn in cloudless skies !  
To-morrow is my Fairyland !

R. T. Kerlin.

### St. Valentine's Day.

---

The fourteenth of February is called St. Valentine's day in honor of St. Valentine, a christian martyr of the reign of the emperor Claudius. The custom of sending valentines is a very old one.

At one time in England, Scotland, and certain parts of France, it was the custom for a number of young people to come together on the eve of St. Valentine's day. They would write upon slips of paper the names of an equal number of young men and young women, and would then put the names into a box or basket. Each person drew out a name and the person thus drawn was called one's valentine. It was a kind of mock bethrothal and presents were sometimes exchanged. A young man was supposed to remain true to his valentine throughout the year. In the fifteenth century this amusement was popular at many European courts.

This custom seems to have no connection with St. Valentine. It is probably a relic of a heathen practice prevalent in Europe in the early days of the christian era. Some connect it with the worship of Juno which took place on the fifteenth of February. At this time the Romans were accustomed "to put the name of young women into a box from which they were drawn by men as chance directed." The christian clergy, finding it impossi-



ble to prevent this practice, changed it into a religious festival and substituted the names of saints for the names of women.

The celebration of the day comes more probably from the ancient nature-religion of north-western Europe. From this we have the explanation that "about this time of year the birds choose their mates, and thence probably came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing valentines or special loving friends on that day." In Chaucer's *Parliament of Fowls* we seem to have a corroboration of this view,

"For this was on Seynt Valentine's Day when every bird cometh then to choose his mate."

Shakespeare also speaks of St. Valentine's day. In *Hamlet* we find,

"To-morrow is St. Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine."

The custom of choosing valentines was gradually superseded by the practice of sending printed valentines. At the present time we find exhibited in the stores valentines of two kinds—sentimental and comic. The former are adorned with many symbols of love, such as cupids, hearts, etc. The latter are generally caricatures of men or women, supposed to represent the persons to whom they are sent. Burlesque verses appear below the drawing. The sending of comic valentines is a practice which should be discouraged. It has no good points to recommend it. The apparent intention of the

sender is to inflict pain upon the receiver. Surely in a civilized nation no such form of amusement should be tolerated. M. T.

---

“It.”

---

It was fast growing dark. Miss Abby had gazed at the valentines in the window quite a long time, but seemed unable to tear herself away. Every now and then she glanced around as if afraid some one was watching her, but the village street was deserted, the nipping air having driven every one within. Though she was sensible of being chilled through, the valentines held her, especially one of pink silk and gold and silver paper, liberally sprinkled with cupids and true lovers' knots, to say nothing of dozens of crimson roses around its border. To Miss Abby it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Now you may think this very foolish in a small plain woman, certainly forty if she were a day. But I am going to tell you a secret. Miss Abby had never received a valentine in her life. Though her friends had all had sweethearts when they were young and gay, Miss Abby, who was always plain and diffident, had never had a “beau.”

She finally tore herself away and went slowly homeward, wondering what her sister would say at her prolonged absence. Miss Jane, her senior by two or three years, was short and plump, and an inveterate gossip; not that she was mean or ma-

licious, for she had the kindest heart in the world. She just loved, as we all do, to discuss her neighbors with her neighbors.

"Abby," she called from the kitchen where she was preparing supper, "where have you been all this time? Cousin Jimmy's been here and told me a sight of news. Jim Fletcher is settin' up to Mrs. Jones' niece, Matilda. He's been there Sunday and Wednesday night for three weeks running, and took her to meeting and sleigh-riding. I specks they'll be keepin' company now for good, and Mrs. Ramey's sister-in-law by her first husband is coming to visit her. I wonder how Dave Ramey likes that. She's made three cakes and eight pies and has got new muslin curtains for the spare room. Milly Hawkins said they were real pretty and that they were tied back stylish like with purple ribbon, and Sally Jennings has two new quilts made from scraps of Mandy's wedding outfit. But you arn't listening to a word I say, Abby."

"Yes, I am," said Miss Abby wearily as she set the table. Miss Jane glanced at her sharply.

"For the landsake," she said suddenly, "if I didn't forget what she said about the parson."

Miss Abby went suddenly to the cupboard and began to hunt for something on its shelves. If we had been the cups and saucers she gazed at so intently we would have noticed that her face had flushed a deep red.

"If these fool women don't pester the life out of him," Miss Jane continued, with a snort. "I wouldn't be a Methodist parson, forty-five and unmarried for any amount of money. There's Anne

Stover, and Janie Peters, and widow Brown, and widow Perkins, and I don't know how many others, all a settin' their caps for him. They're enough to run a man crazy. That idiotic Anne Stover has gone and embroidered him a pair of bed-room slippers, with 'for our' on one foot and 'dear parson' on the other. For my part I call it indelicate in an unmarried female to give any man bed-room slippers, even the parson. Then that fool widow Brown made him a quilt with a verse of scripture written and embroidered on each piece, so he won't have to hunt through the whole Bible when he wants a text! But that isn't the worse. Widow Perkins asked him for all his old socks and has made a mat out of them to kneel on when she says her prayers!"

Her voice had risen higher and higher, and broke when she uttered "prayers." Pausing but a minute, however, she went on. "And as for the pickles, and preserves, and pies, and cakes, and jellies, to say nothing of the tidies, and lamp mats, and pillows, and braided rugs, and 'God bless our Homes' and——"

Here Miss Jane sank into the nearest chair completely out of breath.

Miss Abby came over from the cupboard and took her place at the table, still with a tinge of pink in her cheeks. She heard vaguely Miss Jane's chatter during supper of how much the Greens paid for their new parlor organ; of Mrs. Smith's receipt for plum pudding, and the like. Her mind was occupied with a certain valentine, the big gaudy one made of pink silk, gold and silver pa-

per, and generously sprinkled with laughing cupids and true lover's knots. The verse too kept running in her head, she thought it so pretty. Miss Abby did not recognize it as a poor hackneyed little speech that had appeared in hundreds of valentines, and most likely would appear in hundreds more. No, to her, it was the soul of poetry :

“Accept the heart that beats for thee,  
Accept my love and come to me ;  
Oh, say, sweetheart, that you'll be mine,  
And that you'll be my valentine.”

And then in some unaccountable way her thoughts turned to the parson and her face flushed again.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was St. Valentine's morning.

“Gracious goodness sake's alive !” Miss Jane's eyes seemed ready to pop from her head as she stared open mouthed at the object before her on the counter. “Miss Abby Compton,” she read.

There was no mistake. The big square envelope, with the turtle doves and cupids, was for sister Abby. She forgot everything she had come for, the tea, the sugar, gingham for a new apron, and even the rest of her mail, a copy of “Farm and Fireside.” Rushing down the street, utterly oblivious of wondering neighbors who thought Miss Jane was “took” she at last reached home, calling breathlessly, “Abby, Abby !”

As her sister appeared, Miss Jane, in a state of collapse, sat down suddenly on the nearest ob-

ject, which happened to be the coal scuttle.

Miss Abby took the envelope and looked at it, and you or I could not have been more spell-bound if the book of fate opened before us, and we saw our names and destinations written therein. She looked at it with wide incredulous eyes ; turned it over and looked at it again, took off her spectacles, wiped them, put them back on and looked at it a third time. Then she sat down as suddenly as Miss Jane, and as there was nothing near to sit on she sat on the floor. From their respective positions they gazed at each other.

Miss Jane broke the silence.

“Open it, Abby, open it !”

Miss Abby arose with difficulty and got the carving knife. With shaking hands she slipped it under the flap and slowly cut the paper, Miss Jane’s fascinated gaze never leaving her.

Miss Abby dropped the knife and leaned weakly against the table.

“You open it, Jane, I can’t.” But Miss Jane, never moving her eyes from the envelope slowly shook her head.

Miss Abby inserted a trembling hand and drew forth——It, It with its pink silk, gold and silver paper, true lover’s knots and laughing cupids.

\* \* \* \* \*

They had finished dinner and were washing the dishes. Every other minute Miss Abby ran into the parlor to take a peep at It in the place of honor on the mantel. It seemed to shed a glory on the room.

When everything was clean and put away, Miss Jane put on her bonnet and thickest shawl, and announced that she was going to sit a spell with Mrs. Peters, "for I'll just pop if I don't tell her right away about It, coming so mysterious with no name, probably from some 'unknown admirer,' as the books say."

After Miss Jane had gone Miss Abby went into the parlor and took It almost reverently in her hands. As she sat reading and re-reading the verse the bell rang. Hastily putting It on the mantel she went to the door. Her heart was beating fast for somehow she felt——, she opened the door——it WAS the parson! After a stammering "Come in," she led the way to the parlor. There they faced each other; he nervously fumbling his hat, she twisting and untwisting her handkerchief, neither saying a word. Suddenly catching sight of It the parson burst out:

"Miss Abby, I can preach and I can pray, but I can't—I don't know, that is, somehow—no matter what I—I mean—that is, well, er—er—er—er—er," then in a sudden burst, "that verse exactly tells my sentiments!"

Miss Abby clasped and unclasped her hands, looked up and then looked down, turned from red to white and white to red—all in much less time than it takes to tell it. Then in a quivering voice,

"I never was any one's v-v-valentine, but I can t-t-try."

About an hour later Miss Abby looked up from the parson's shoulder. "Daniel, there's Anne Stover, Janie Peters, widow Perkins——"

“Jehosephat !”

After gazing at each other in utter consternation for a minute, the parson's face assumed a determined expression and he arose.

“Abby, go put your coat and hat on, the buggy's right outside and Cokesville is only three miles off, I can get a license—Rev. Brother Stubs will marry us.”

His determination passed into Miss Abby's face. With firm hands she pinned on her bonnet and put on her coat, while the parson unhitched the horse. Before she went out however, she took It from the mantel. Bestowing a kiss on one of the cupids, she put It in its envelope and slipped it under her coat.

Then she joined the parson.

J. JOHNSON.



### A Valentine

---

Sweet eyes that softly, brightly shine,  
Like starlight in a Southern clime,  
With gentle radiance clear.

Sweet voice, with cadence soft and low,  
—not softer doth the South wind blow—  
I pause thy speech to hear.

Sweet cheek, with dawning flush o'er cast,  
As if a rose's shadow past,  
Oh, pale not as in fear !

Oh, heart, so pure, so kind, so true,  
From man the homage surely due,  
A heart like thine, I offer, dear.

A tender reverential shrine  
For love, lit by a torch divine,  
The heart of home to cheer,

Oh, hand, so slight, so dainty white,  
As if a dove had paused in flight,  
My token deign to wear.

So clad in mystic charm of thine  
Sweet, prithee, be my valentine,  
And let that time be near !

J. C. S.

**Adam Bede.**

---

The chief interest of ADAM BEDE centers around four characters ; Hetty and Arthur, Dinah and Adam ; and the plot is the old, changeless, touching, uplifting, holy, deathless story of the love of man and woman.

It is considered one of the greatest novels ever written, and next to Middlemarch the strongest work penned by a woman. It is not only a novel, but a drama. "It is a picture gallery filled with word, line and color." Who, when reading Adam Bede has not seen the dairy, the forest, the Bede cottage, the village throng, the Hermitage, the church, the prison? Adam Bede, son, lover, husband; Lisbeth Bede, the mother; Mr. Irwine, the Broxton rector; Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster ; Mrs Poyser, the housewife; Mr. Poyser, the worthy farmer; Arthur, the young 'squire ; Hetty, the village belle : what a *dramatis personae* is here !

If you have been young like Arthur or happy like Hetty ; if you have loved like Adam, or prayed like Dinah, you will see the pictures as you read, and beholding their life-like beauty, in wondering enchantment your own life will be forgotten.

See, here is the workshop of Adam Bede, the carpenter, strong and noble he dignifies his humble calling and is dignified by it. The carpenter's shop is just the place for his big form, and big voice, and big soul. The atmosphere of clean, fresh, wood suits the unsullied life of the man. He is like one of the giant trees he hews in the forest of the chase ; strong and pure ; tossed by many storms,

yet sturdy and unbent. The afternoon sun sends its slanting rays upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting; upon a shaggy gray shepherd dog lying among the shavings, his gaze fastened upon his master, that master "a large-boned, muscular man nearly six feet high, with a back so flat, and a head so well poised that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. In his tall stalwartness, Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified the name, but the jet black hair, and the keen glance of his dark eyes indicated a mixture of Celtic blood. The face was large, and roughly hewn, and when in repose had no other beauty than such as belongs to an expression of good humored, honest intelligence." But Adam's face was often lighted by love, such love as in its purity almost made worthy of itself the person on whom it was bestowed. Not far from Adam's home was the Poyser farm, where Hetty Sorrel lived with her aunt and uncle, and it was she whom Adam loved. We sometimes see two pictures of the same person with the length of years between them, and in the same face we can see all the changes which sin or sorrow may have wrought. There are two pictures of Hetty in our gallery. Let us look at the first one: "Hetty's cheeks was like a rose petal, and dimples played about her pouting lips, her large dark eyes had a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and her curly hair stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white shell-like ears. Hetty's was a springtide beauty, it was the beauty of young frisking things,

like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle, and to engage in conscious mischief."

Doubtless this image was in Adam's mind as he walked homeward. His mother, peevish and fretful was wailing for him with her endless complaints. "Lisbeth Bede loved her son with the love of a woman to whom her first born has come late in life ;" and Seth, the timid younger son received her maternal scolding without the affection.

There is sorrow in this home : The father is a confirmed drunkard, and even now is at the "Wagon Overthrown." It is the knowledge of this which causes the deep flush of anger to over-spread Adam's cheek, for the coffin his father had promised to make by to-morrow is not begun. Seth had not returned, so Adam went alone to their workshop to fulfill his father's promise.

A village green is now shown us : Here it was that Seth had stopped, and that many Methodists were gathered. In the fading sunlight of a summer evening, among the villagers, their horses and carts, Dinah Morris, the preacher stood. "She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down, lightly crossed before her, as she turned her grey eyes on the people. There was no keenness in the eyes ; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations: they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out rather than impressed by external objects. She stood with her left hand toward the descending sun, and leafy boughs

screened her from its rays ; but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm, vividness like flowers at evening." Dinah was a person whom strangers stopped to notice. Small wonder that Seth loved her with all his gentle might, accepting her word that his love cannot be returned. Seth goes to the home we have seen Adam enter.

Few lives which have seen sorrow have been without the premonition of that sorrow. During the long hours of the rainy night in which Adam built the coffin he heard the willow wand strike against the door, and in imaginative dread, whose only solace was work, he passed the night. On the next morning the coffin was carried to Broxton on the shoulders of the brothers. In crossing a swollen stream on their return Adam and Seth saw the result of the storm. The grey-haired, shame-faced, wandering father had met a watery death.

The longest vistas are often seen when we look into eyes which see us not. Adam saw not the present but the past "in a flood of relenting and pity." O! guardian of our hearts, teach us to weigh our words; and count their cost today ! The time will come when between us and those we love flows the widest river, across whose echoless waves no answer comes. we cry, "forgive us !" When death, the great reconciler has come it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity.

Several miles from the Bede cottage and the Hall Farm : here Hetty lives with the Poysers. "It is a very fine old place of red brick softened by a pale powdery lichen which has dispersed itself with

happy irregularity, so as to bring the red brick into terms of friendly companionship with the limestone ornaments surrounding the three gables, the windows, and the door place." Toward this place two men are travelling this June afternoon ; Mr. Irwine, the rector, and Arthur Donnithorn. "Arthur Donnithorn was known in Hayslope variously as the young 'squire, 'The heir,' and the 'Captain.' He was only a Captain in the Loamshire militia, but to the Hayslope tenants he was more intensely a Captain than all the young gentlemen of the same rank in His Majesty's regulars ; he outshone them as the planet Jupiter outshines the milky way. If you want to know more particularly how he looked call to your remembrance some tawny-whiskered, brown-locked young Englishman whom you have met with in a foreign town. Well-washed, high-bred, white-handed, and looking as if he could deliver well from his shoulder and floor his man."

It is a busy time in the dairy for Mrs. Poyser who is superintending the maids. "Mrs. Poyser is a GOOD-LOOKING woman, not over eight and thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well shapen and light-footed. Her tongue is not less keen than the arctic ray of her eye, and whenever a damsel came within earshot seemed to take up an unfinished lecture as a barrel organ takes up a tune, precisely at the point where it had left off." But this is an unusual reason for a pause. Look ! Mr. Irwine and Captain Donnithorn are entering the dairy !

"The dairy was certainly worth looking at. Such purity, such fresh fragrance of new pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetu-

ally bathed in pure water; such soft coloring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, grey limestone and rich orange-red rust on weights and hooks and hinges. But one gets only a confused notion of these things when they surround a distractingly pretty girl of seventeen, standing on little pattens, and rounding her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scole."

In looking at Hetty's bewitching beauty Arthur Donnithorn forgot all else, forgot that he was the village 'squire, and she the niece of one of his tenants, and begins to love her with a love which is too strong to be recalled when its path leads into danger, and from that moment Hetty gives him the worship which is every woman's to give but once. "Young souls in such delirium as theirs are as unsympathetic as butterflies sipping nectar; they are isolated from all appeals by a barrier of dreams—by invisible looks, and impalpable arms!" In the forest, at the Hermitage, at the dance and at church these two live only for each other. We cannot pardon Hetty, but we can pity her; a child in worldly wisdom and self discipline, a woman in the power of loving. As to Arthur, in such guilt as his and Hetty's the man is always the tempter, but "love is such a simple thing when we have only one and twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture in the morning. Poor thing! it was a pity they were not in that golden age of childhood when they would have stood face to face eyeing each

other with timid affection, then have given each other a little butterfly kiss and toddled off to play together. Arthur would have gone home to his silk-curtained cot, and Hetty to her homespun pillow, and both would have slept without dreaming and tomorrow would have been a life hardly conscious of a yesterday." But the sorrowful consciousness of yesterday must needs dawn on both Arthur and Hetty whose innocent youth was passing into manhood and womanhood. "The awakening came at last, the blow fell, but it was Adam, and not Arthur who reeled beneath it."

Granite can be broken, can it not? Is it any the less granite? Iron can be melted, is it any the less iron? Adam's suffering was shown in the broken cry, "It's HIS doing, he taught her to deceive, and then lied to me! Is he to go free while they lay all the punishment on her, so weak and young? Oh God I can't bear it, it's too hard to lay upon me! It's too hard to think she's wicked! I'll go to HIM, —I'll bring him back. I'll make him go and look at her misery till he can't forget it. I'll drag him myself!"

But Arthur was far away in Ireland; Hetty was near in prison, and Adam's noble heart saw that fruitful compassion was better than futile revenge, and sought the lost woman rather than the hidden man.

Do you remember rose-leaf Hetty, who fed the chickens, and made butter, and fetched her Uncle's pipe? Lovely, homely duties they were! We see her again now after a long while, she is in the prisoner's dock. Let us look, as Adam does. "Why



did they say she was so changed? In the corpse we have it is the likeness we see—it is the likeness which makes itself felt the more keenly because something else WAS and IS not. There they were, the sweet face and neck, with the dark tendrils of hair, the long dark lashes, the rounded cheek, and the pouting lips; pale and thin—yes—but like Hetty and only Hetty. To Adam, this pale hard looking culprit was not indeed the Hetty who had smiled at him under the apple boughs. She was that Hetty's corpse, which he had trembled to look at the first time and then was unwilling to turn away his eyes from."

A quarter of an hour after the evidence, one word was uttered in court, "Guilty."

Hetty was to be hung the next day. Sad, and sullen, and angry, she is sitting on a pallet of straw in a corner of the prison, her face buried in her hands. A visitor is in the cell. "Hetty," a soft voice says. No answer. Again, "Hetty, I'm come, its Dinah." "The two pale faces are looking at each other, one with wild hard despair, the other full of sad yearning love. At last Hetty spoke, 'You wont leave me Dinah?' 'No Hetty, I'll stay with you until the end. But there is someone else in this cell, Hetty, besides you and me.' 'Who?' 'Someone who has been with you through all your hours of sin and trouble - - - who has seen all the deeds you have tried to hide, and on Monday when I can't follow you - - - when death has parted us - - - He who is with us now and knows all will be with you then. It makes

no difference whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God.' ”

Under this strong, yet gentle influence Hetty acknowledged her guilt and in the next day Dinah accompanied her to the fatal spot. There is another crowd around Dinah but she is not the only object of its gaze, it is at the wretched Hetty also that it is staring. Dinah praying and pleading, Hetty clinging and fearful go to the place of execution.

The last moment has come; the executioner is ready; from Hetty's gaze the faces of the people became a faint blur, but wait——look——!! Who is that horseman riding at such a mad gallop? Arthur Donnithorn is approaching with the hard-won release from death!

Has there ever been a time in your life when you have come from the topmost peak of suffering and anguish to the valley of love and peace? Has there been a time when sorrowful memories which can never be wiped out are covered with the pale lights of after-happiness, through which you can see them anew?

So it is in ADAM BEDE. From the scenes of Hetty's trial and expected death we are taken to the peaceful marriage and home life of Adam and Dinah. “What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.”

### The Snow.

---

Snowflakes now are softly falling,  
Settling down on field and hill ;  
In their silent, misty whiteness  
Speak a message, Peace, be still !

Listen, while in softest whispers,  
Nature holds converse with you  
Through her whitest, purest daughter  
Speaks the message, Child, be true.

Like a lily is this daughter,  
Whiter still and still more pure ;  
But as lilies fade and shatter,  
Neither can the snow endure.

So with all of nature's children  
We cannot our lives prolong,  
But we can without much effort  
Fill the world with light and song.

Thus we give again to Nature  
All that we from her have learned ;  
In the joy we give to others,  
We have happiness returned.

Lillian V. Delp, '09.

**"Auto you a Child,"**

---

BY F. C. THOMPSON.

"Change cars at the Junction," the conductor said shortly, as he returned my ticket. The train thundered on, and passed into a long, dark tunnel. In my journeys to B., I have come to look upon that tunnel as a forewarning of the wretchedness of the Junction. In a moment, the conductor helped me off the train, and I was alone in that dreaded place.

It is in the heart of the Alleghanies, and there is a certain wildness and loneliness about the place that makes one shiver. The river rushes tempestuously over a dam, and hurries on to a more desirable country. The mountains rise up, up, up, and end in trees and bushes that even the birds do not love. There are some who have said that the Junction is a spot of earth that God has forgotten. I should almost think so myself, except that I have seen, in summer, His message of love, the laurel. But, alas, it was not summer when I was there!

I was at a loss as to how I was to spend my time. Drunken men were lounging in the "waiting-room," a well named place, for one waits hours at the Junction. Foreigners flocked around the restaurant, and chattered in their own tongue. Up in the tower, the dispatchers looked out grimly upon my helplessness. I dared not even ask how late my train was, for no

man nor woman may intrude upon their work. Once in a while, a relief engine puffed up the grade, or creaked down the hill, and still paced the narrow platform.

Then from somewhere, nowhere, anywhere, there came, a sturdy, wee lad, and a sun-browned, strong limbed lass of the mountains. They wanted me to buy a paper, and I knew I was still within the bounds of civilization. A blue calico sunbonnet flapped over the girl's freckled face, but when she pushed it back, I looked into the clearest, frankest pair of eyes,— and bought the paper.

“Do you live here?” I asked. She answered me shyly, but the boy smiled, and the smile rippled over into a laugh that rang out pleasantly above the coarse chatter.

“How old are you?” I asked next. He smiled again in his winning way, but shook his head. His sister answered for him, and asked some questions for herself. Did I come from beyond the tunnel? Was I going to B? Was I tired? How late was my train? The last question I was unable to answer, and she said she would go to the tower to inquire. That anyone should venture to enter that forbidden place so astonished me that I let them go without a word. Hand in hand, they fearlessly mounted the steps. At their lightest tap, the door opened, though I've seen men knock for ten minutes, and come away disappointed.

The train was an hour late they said, and then they set about to entertain me. The boy showed me a tobacco tag that someone had given him. The girl let me hold a foreign coin that she had found;

and I knew that I had been admitted into that almost holy place, a child's heart.

"What is your name, little man?"

"Sam," he said with an infectious laugh.

I never knew before how amusing it is to be named Sam, but I laughed heartily then. The little girl's name was "Sairy Elizabeth," and I understood as she told it to me that it is a name that carries dignity with it.

They touched my coat; they played with my gloves; they talked of trains, rivers, and mines; of tin tags and pink strings. The minutes flew by, and before I knew it, my train had come. With a hurried goodbye, I ran to get on, for trains from the northern cities do not wait long at the Junction. As I took my seat I found myself thinking that the Junction is a pleasant place to wait. I went on to the city with visions of bunny rabbits and downy chicks, of brightest colored eggs, and pictures of lilies. It will be Easter when I go to the Junction again, and perhaps——. Ah, well, what wouldn't a woman do for a child?

## Class Poem

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### Class of January, 1909

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Toiling, rejoicing, day by day,  
To the goal at last we've worked our way.  
Soon must we leave you, teachers dear,  
And all our friends assembled here.

Yet, let our paths lead where they will,  
Your words, your thoughts go with us still ;  
On hearts and minds a seal you've placed  
Which nevermore shall be effaced.

Truest lessons you have taught,  
Brightest pleasures you have brought,  
And from you we'll not withhold  
Our richest treasure, our hearts' gold.

Dear classmates, we must leave these halls,  
Go where the voice of Duty calls ;  
But change of scene, nor time, nor place  
Can fondest memories e'er erase.

With vision new, with lightened eyes,  
We seem to see, to grasp our prize,  
And what we faintly loved before  
We've learned to value more and more.

What is this prize we now behold  
And treasure more than purest gold ?  
'Tis Life, dear Life, with promise rare  
To those of us who do and dare.

Shall we find life a joyous thing  
Gladsome as the budding spring ;  
Or will its pleasures fade away  
As sets the sun at close of day !

The life to which we forward look  
Seems to us a closed book ;  
May we learn, as it unfolds  
Year after year, the best it holds.

Oh be the gift of every hour  
The rich endowment of new power,  
As we speed with quickened pace  
To play our part, to take our place !

Not through paths where all is pleasure,  
Seeking thus to find our treasure,  
Not through paths, well tried and old  
Where others sought for fame and gold ;

But, if need be, where oppressions  
Wrest from man his true possessions ;  
Where the lights of love and praise  
Shed but feeble, flickering rays ;

Where hope droops and hearts are weary  
With the struggle, long and dreary,  
There our richest lives to live ;  
There our hearts' best gold to give.

Antoinette Nidermaier.



## “Nightraps”

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### A Story of the Persecution of Huguenots in France.

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The attic of an old country house! Ah what a place for dreams and also for realities, the reality of by gone days, of prim, starched white haired Revolutionary dames, of dashing cavaliers of daring pioneers and fugitive martyrs. The mimosa sheds her fragrant blossoms softly, one by one, on the broad sill of the latticed window and each blossom learns a secret ere the breeze floats it gently to the earth.

In one corner of the attic room, amid piles of dusty yellow books and magazines and rubbish stands a plain wooden barrel with heavy iron loops to bind it. Just a plain ordinary everyday barrel, yet rising from the yellow folds of soft cloth which line its bottom and sides comes a musty odor which tells a portion of a tale of the saddest days of sunny France, and a faded yellow label on the outside of the barrel tells the remainder of the story which I now give to you as it was given to me.

I am the dreamer of the family, and when first the story was told to me it so deeply stirred my

imagination that I slipped up into the old attic and there, by the attic window, with my head bowed on the musky cask and the mimosa shedding her rain of blossoms o'er me through the open window, I closed my eyes and dreamed.

Many years ago in the History of sunny France a great internal religious contest was going on. In France, as in all other countries at this time the two opposing parties were the Catholics and Protestants. During the reign of Louis Le Grande the protection which had been extended to the Protestants by act of Henry IV was discontinued by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The whole country was in immediate confusion, and the Protestants though in great numbers were out numbered by the Catholics and therefore subject to oppresion and persecution. Many of them, driven to desperation by cruel treatment wished to leave the country and seek refuge in other lands. But this the French government was determined they should not do. They, therefore, placed guards around the homes of the most influential of the French Protestant residents. These guards were known as dragoons, and were fiercely hated by the people. They took advantage of every chance to cruelly oppress and wrong their victims and made themselves objects of deep hatred throughout the country. There was no redress however, and these dragoons were such excellent guards that it was almost impossible to get out of their clutches. Numerous stratagems were resorted to, to evade their vigilance and this story is an account of how one old lady out witted them.

In a large old Chateau in Southern France, shaded by stately elms, lived a quaint, dainty, little French woman whose name was Madam Durand. Alone in the old Chateau for many years she had lived, until recently at her daughter's death, a tiny baby had travelled across many miles of La Belle France to bring sunshine to the old country house and to grandma's heart. Before, the old lady had thought that she loved France and her stately home but now her heart thrilled when she looked at the beauties around her, and her hand touched with lingering fondness every spot in the whole house where baby hands had faltered. Ah yes she loved France! Next to that land of her dreams, that land of which her loved Bible taught, she loved this home land of hers and thanked God for that promise "thy days shall be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Ah these happy days in the old Chateau with her baby and her Bible! How soon were they to end! Among the first homes around which the dragons were stationed was this Southern villa. One hot summer evening when the old Chateau was dreaming neath the glimmering shade of the elms the noisy boisterous guards appeared. The little old lady trembled as she stood at the curtained window with her baby in her arms, and watched the coarse brutal men urge their horses across her neatly kept lawn, ripping up the trim turf with their iron shoes. But bravely she stood her ground during the long week that followed, bearing in dignified silence their rude, indecent jests and insolent manner. She was compelled to furnish them with food, but she

never appeared among them if it were possible to keep away, and instructed her servants to have as little to do with them as possible.

Day by day she sat in her own room, holding the golden-haired baby and wondered how much longer she could force herself to bear this cowardly intrusion. One day the little one was restless and needed the fresh air. Although she feared the soldiers she felt that she must give what was necessary to the child. Dressing her with great care she called a maid. "Aline, the baby needs a walk. Take her with you, but let no one touch her but yourself." The old lady's face was stern. With promises to be very careful Aline took the child's hand and went out. With jealous eyes and a curious fluttering at her heart the little lady watched the two figures as they went down the walk. At the end of the walk, under a large shade tree, the dragoons were collected, smoking and laughing noisily.

As the pair approached, one of them, evidently encouraged by the others, rose and came forward. "Ah a baby," he said coarsely, "let's see the little lady." He made an attempt to take the baby but Aline snatched it away with cheeks and eyes aflame.

"Don't touch her, you nasty brute."

"Oho, my pretty miss," said the soldier now turning his whole attention to her. "So I can't kiss the baby, probably I can kiss you" he laughed, grasping her around the waist. With an indignant cry Aline jerked herself away and tried to hurry by, but the soldier encouraged by the cheers of his companions wished to continue the game. Grasping the baby by the waist he swung her hastily

above his head, saying with a wink at his fellows, "Now my pretty miss, a kiss or the baby ; you keep the kiss, I keep the baby. Ha Ha !"

The child raised a frightened cry and Aline clasped her hands in pretty entreaty but the soldier only laughed and demanded his kiss. Suddenly there was a silken rustle and every thing became unnaturally still as a tiny figure in black stood before them. The little old lady was not flushed but stony calm and white, and the grey blue eyes flashing with the light of avenging wrath as she lifted her arms. "My baby, please," she said quietly. Slowly the child was placed in her arms, and the big coarse man looked at her as if numbed waiting for her further orders. The little lady clasped the child to her and soothed its frightened sobs, her voice faltered as she spoke to it, but when she looked up, it was as firm and cold as ever. "And never touch her again please," she continued. As she spoke her handkerchief fluttered to the ground. In silence the standing dragoon stooped and handed it back to her, and no word was said as she turned and went slowly back down the walk, her baby in her arms.

After this Madam Druand felt she could no longer live here. Every day her busy wits were employed in trying to plan some way in which to escape. She had heard of so many attempts that had failed that she almost despaired. But she was unusually nimble-witted and at last she hit upon a plan that promised a reasonable hope of success.

One day as the dragons were gathered beneath their favorite shade-tree filling the air with

coarse laughter and coarser jests, they were surprised to see the house door opened with confusion and a large cask rolled out. With rough curiosity they hastened to the spot and took possession. It was only a large barrel marked "Linen," and fetching a large hammer and ripping it open the searchers found nothing suspicious, only piece after piece of house-hold linen, newly made. They roughly bade the old servant nail the barrel up again, and told him he might then go on with it. Then, their curiosity satisfied, they hastened back to their shady resting place. After brief intervals two more barrels, both marked "Hose" were carried out. The dragoons now ceased to examine the casks. "The old heretic must be furnishing some shop in America," they declared noisily.

The next day another cask was brought out of the house. The dragoons gathered around to see what was going now to that shop in America. They laughed long and loud at the label and some even suggested that they take a peep in, for the label was "Night-Caps." They were too lazy, however, and finally told the old servants to move on. And they did, bearing the cask on to the wharf. Here, one of the servants went in search of the Captain of a vessel that sailed that evening for America. When he found him there were a few minutes of whispered conversation, and then the old captain, with a curious chuckle went over and examined the cask.

That evening the ship pulled out of the harbor with the barrel of "Night-Caps" placed in a conspicuous place on the deck. When well out of sight

of the sunny French shores, a strange thing happened. The captain ordered the chest to be opened, and amid a crowd of curious, and amused spectators, the 'Night-Caps' were taken from the barrel, in the shape of a dainty old lady in black, and a tiny golden haired baby in white.

And so Madam Durand came to her friends in America. The barrel was kept as a sacred heirloom by her descendants, and that is why I sit with my head bowed upon it in the fragrant breath of the mimosa tree and dream, for the golden haired baby in white has long ago grown into a little old lady in black and told my mother's mother her grandchild, this very tale.

Bessie Paulett.

### The Tryst.

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“As the sunflower turns to her God in the morning,”  
So the ground-hog returns when the second is dawning.  
Should the sun keep his tryst with that little brown pig,  
Through oceans of mud the poor mortals must dig.

Should that SHADOW be pictured athwart the dark  
ground,  
Well know we the Spirit of Springtime hath formed.  
“Oh, Piggie, I pray you stay curled in your den  
Lest your silhouette dampen the courage of men !

Lest hailing and raining and sleeting and snowing,  
Should keep all the flowers and fruit trees from growing,  
Six weeks is too long for bad weather to last,  
And to-morrow we fear it will not be o’ercast.”

J. C. S.





### Literary Society

In 1903 the two literary societies, The Cunningham and The Argus were organized. The members of these societies were limited to fifty. The school was not so large then, and these hundred girls were the best girls in school in scholarship. Probably there were no more than a hundred girls then who were fitted for literary society work, but the school has grown so rapidly that there are almost twice as many students now. The course has been lengthened, the standard raised, graduates from excellent high schools are coming in every year, and in every way a greater number of girls are qualified for literary societies.

For three years it has been a much discussed question whether the two societies existing should add to their numbers or whether there should be new ones started. The latter course was finally agreed upon, and, accordingly, The Pierian and The Athenian Societies were organized.

It speaks well for the school to say that it supports four literary societies and that two hundred

of its students are qualified for this work, and there is no question as to the advantages a girl may reap from these societies.

In this, however, as in all things, a girl may expect to gain only in proportion to what she puts into it. If she goes to the meetings only because she will be fined if she is absent ; if she skims over the required reading just to say she has done it ; if she neglects her duty as an officer or committee member, she need not expect to gain anything ; she will suffer for doing things in this careless way. If there is such a girl, it is only right that she resign and let some worthier person take her place. In the societies nothing should be done purely for the sake of appearance. Behind each act there should be an honest purpose and an honest effort to carry out this purpose.

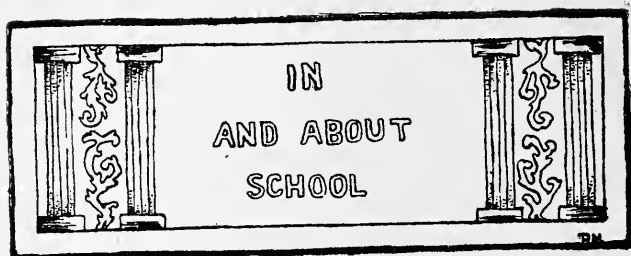
Let the society mean more to us. Let us give our best efforts to its upbuilding ; let us put our whole souls into it and get at the bottom of things ; let there be no pretense, no mere show for outsiders, but let each one have the satisfaction in her own heart that she has done her duty as best she could. If every one of the fifty members in each society will thus put forth her best efforts, the literary societies will be vital organizations in the life of the school.

**Athletics** If anyone has ever accused The Normal School girls of a lack of school spirit, that person should have been at the first game of basket-ball played between the S. N. S. team and a visiting team. He would have to agree that the accusation is false.

It is true that up to this time no great amount of school spirit has ever been manifested. But have we had a fair chance to show it? And have we had anything to arouse it? The crowd, the enthusiasm, and the interest shown in The Farmville vs. Lexington game show that the spirit is present but needs something to stir it into life.

If there had been no love for this old Normal School would the girls have taken every afternoon to practice in order to play the best they could? Why did they play, any how? No doubt, there was pleasure in the game itself, but no girl would have played EVERY afternoon if she had not wanted to win the game; but in winning the game, she knew that the world would not think of HER as the victor but of the Normal School. If there had not been strong school spirit, would the girls have taken their time to practice yells and songs, would they have paid their admission and rooted for the team that was to win a glorious victory? If this is not loyalty to our school, what is it?

There is no doubt that athletics is one means through which this spirit which lies dormant may be awakened. Let us then make more of athletics! There is not only pleasure in the various games, but there is also training for the body and mind. Let us play basket-ball, and tennis, and let us become experts at both. Then we may play other schools and beat them for S. N. S.



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### CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

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On December the nineteenth the second special program was held in the Auditorium. The subject of the program was, "Christmas and its Significance." The program was very interestingly rendered by five members of the society. Anne Rowe gave us several interesting points on the significance of Christmas.

Christmas in Germany, England, and Norway, was discussed in detail by Isabelle Harrison, Louise Daniel, and Blanche Nidermaier. Many features of interest were brought to our notice which are old in origin but new to us. Christmas in our own land was taken up by Louise Minitree. This subject was of peculiar interest to us all as it made us much more appreciative of Christmas in America. The fact that the girls were dressed to represent the different countries added special charm to the evening.

Walter Bradley Tripp, a distinguished and widely known reader from Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, will give an entertainment the twentieth of February. His subject will be a dramatization of Charles Dickens' greatest novel, "David Copperfield." Mr. Tripp is a man of fine culture and has an unusually pleasing stage presence, a good self-consciousness which is so necessary to the true artist. The distinctly personal element which Mr. Tripp brings to his work, makes him rather a charming story-teller among friends than an elocutionist to a strange audience. Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Southwick we are sure will not lose the opportunity of attending this entertainment, which is to be given under the auspices of our society.

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A debate was held in the Auditorium Saturday evening January the sixteenth. The subject was; "Resolved, That comic sections of newspapers should be abolished." Those upholding the affirmative side were Marie Ferguson, Sarah Cary and Janet Dudley. Those opposing were Mae Northern, Hester Jones, and Mittie Batten. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative. The pleasure of the evening was added to by a duet rendered by Alice Grandy and Pearl Justice, and during the making of the decision Sallie Fitzgerald favored us with a piano solo.

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The joint debate of this season between The Cunningham and Argus Literary Societies was held in the Auditorium December the seventh. The question for debate was: "Resolved: That Latin should be a part of the required course of study of secondary schools." The Cunningham girls who were supporting the affirma-

tive side were Alice Carter, Blanche Gentry, and Antionette Nidermaier. Those opposing were Gladys Bell, Grace Bendall, and Margaret Davis.

The judges who were Rev. Mr. Boogher, Mr. Freear, and Mr Lear, decided in favor of the negative.

The following officers for the new term were elected:--Mary DuPuy, president; Flossie Rawlings, vice-president; Emma Farish, treasurer; Alice Carter, recording secretary; Sallie Fitzgerald, corresponding secretary; Mittie Batten, censor; and Mable Woodson, critic.

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### ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY.

✓ The second debate of the Argus Literary Society for the fall term was on the night of December the twelfth. The question was: "Resolved, That specialization in education is carried to too great an extent." The decision was in favor of the negative. While the judges were making their decision the audience had the pleasure of hearing a very delightful piano solo rendered by Pattie Epps.

On January the eighth a very interesting and attractive special program was rendered. It consisted of tableaux from "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

The second meeting of the year was a literary program which consisted of papers on Eugene Field's life and literary works. His poems, "Seein' Things," "Little Boy Blue," and "A Little Boy," were read, also one of his prose selections, "The marvelous Memory of Conky Stiles." Two piano solos added much to the pleasure of the evening.

Saturday, December the sixteenth, the following officers for the second term were elected:—president,

Gladyds Bell ; vice-president, Margaret Davis; recording secretary, Grace Bendall ; corresponding secretary, Mary Taylor ; treasurer, Lillian Delp ; critic, Sue Ruffin ; censor, Evelyn Hamner.

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### PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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The Pierian Literary and Debating Society was organized by Dr. Kerlin December twenty-fifth. The next day the first meeting was held at which the following officers were elected: Mary Perkins, president ; Mildred Davis, vice-president ; Emily Ward, recording secretary ; Hallie Chrisman, corresponding secretary ; Frances Stoner, treasurer ; Katherine Pennybacker, critic ; Mary Pierce, censor ; and Sarah Johns, reporter.

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Two delightful plays, "A Pan of Fudge," and "The Kleptomaniac," were given in the Auditorium on the night of January the twenty-second. The characters for "A Pan of Fudge" were represented by Hettie Cobb, Mattie Lee Compton, Anne Taylor Cole, Mae Northern, Marie Fergusson and Eloise Robinson. Those for "The Kleptomaniac" were Mary Perkins, Louise Daniel, Pearl Burger, Sophie Booker, Hester Jones, Bessie Paulett and Marie Fergusson. These plays were given by Miss Smith, for the benefit of The Guidon, and the staff is indebted to her not only for an evening pleasantly spent, but for the liberal proceeds of the entertainment.

THE JANUARY CLASS.

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At a meeting of the faculty the honor students of the graduating class were selected. The place of valedictorian, the first honor, was won by Minnie Blanton. The place of Salutatorian, the second honor, was won by Blanche K. Nidermaier. After the honors were decided the class met and elected Miss Martha Blanton, as prophet; Miss Mildred Davis, as historian; Miss Antionette Nidermaier, as class poet; and Miss Lucy Robins, as testator.

Miss Andrews entertained the graduating class at tea on the evening of January the twenty-first. This joyous occasion helped to drive away the sadness of the last few days at school.

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Misses Martha and Minnie Blanton entertained their classmates at supper January the twenty-second. Never was there such a happy band, and never did time fly so swiftly. Scarcely was the supper finished, which was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening, when the dear old Normal School bell sounded above the music rendered by Miss Katherine Pennybacker and Miss Minnie Blanton. They stopped and listened, for they knew they had only a few more times to hear it. The joyous party then took leave and all declared that they had never had such a good time.

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The Senior B class held a banquet in the kindergarten on the night of January the twenty-third.



Both rooms were beautifully decorated in pink and green festoons and white and pink carnations.

The refreshment consisted of turkey, olives, chicken salad, pickles, salted almonds, cheese-straws, strawberry ice cream and cake followed by coffee and mints. All then gathered around the punch bowl and Miss Andrews drank to the health of all. After singing class songs the happy yet sad band departed.

Miss Andrews drove away all superstition by making the fourteenth member.

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The Baccalaureate Sermon for the graduating class of January 1909, was preached in the Auditorium, Sunday night January twenty-fourth, by Dr. Hicks, pastor of First Baptist Church, Danville, Virginia.

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Monday night was class night. It was with a feeling of regret, that the seniors entered into the last exercises of their class. The program was as follows :

#### PART ONE

Chorus—The Dance of the Leaves - - Boccherini  
Class of January, 1909.

Piano Solo—L'Adieu - - - - Favarger  
Miss Mildred May Davis.

Violin Solo—La Serenata - - - - Braga  
Miss Mildred Elizabeth Blanton.

Piano Duet—Sachtaubchen - - - - Behr  
Misses Davis and Pennybacker.

## PART TWO

Class Song

History - - - Miss Mildred May Davis

Poem - - - Miss Antoinette Nidermaier

Class Song

Will - - - Miss Lucy Elizabeth Robins

Prophecy - - - Miss Martha King Blanton

Class Song

Tuesday night was the night of nights'. The graduating address was delivered by Dr. Heck, of the University of Virginia. After the diplomas were received the Seniors retired to the reception hall, where a reception was given to them, who were soon to leave their beloved Alma Mater.

## SENIOR B CLASS.

The editorial staff of the Virginian was elected the latter part of December, in order that the work might be begun early in the year. The staff was elected as follows:—

Mary DuPuy—Editor-in-chief.

Alice Carter—Assistant Editor-in-chief.

Josie Kelly—Literary Editor.

Mabel Woodson—Literary Editor.

Lula Sutherlin—Business Manager.

Gladys Bell—Business Manager.

Ethel Brown—Art Editor.

Winnie Parsons—Picture Editor.

Grace Bendall—Club Editor  
Sallie Fitzgerald—Joke Editor.  
Florence Clayton—Alumnae Editor.

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### REPORT OF JUNIOR CLASS.

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Contrary to custom, the Junior class has already held a meeting and elected its officers. Heretofore the organization of the class has not taken place until late in the spring. The following officers were elected: president, Ruth Redd; vice-president, Leona Jordan; secretary, Louise Minetree; treasurer, Caroline Roper. The Guidon having requested that each class elect a reporter, Bessie Paulett was chosen for this office. We discussed colors, flowers and mottoes, but the final decision was made only on the motto which will continue the same as last year, "Ad Astra per Aspera."

If all of our class return next year we bid fair towards being the largest class of graduates the Normal has ever sent out. Bessie Paulett.

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### II B CLASS.

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The II B class was organized for the first time on January thirteenth. Josie Warren was elected president; Grace Freeman, vice-president; Eunice Watkins, secretary, and Florence Stevenson, treasurer. At a later meeting Francis Davis was elected

reporter for the Guidon. Also, a motto, colors and flowers were chosen. The motto is, "Little by Little we Gain the Top." The colors are purple and gold, and the flower, pansy.

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### III B CLASS.

At a meeting of the III B students, in December the class was organized, the following officers being elected :—Irma Phillips, president; Myrtle Townes, vice-president; Ruth Shepard, secretary; Rebecca Peck, treasurer, and Louise Ford, reporter.

Y. M. C. A.

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The usual annual election of officers of the Y. W. C. A. took place on Saturday, January 30. The cabinet for the coming year is as follows: president, Mary Paxton ; vice-president, Mittie Batten; corresponding secretary, Florence Acree; recording secretary, Louise Ford ; treasurer, Irma Phillips ; librarian, Leona Jordon.

It has always been the custom in our association to make the first religious service in every month a missionary meeting. At the January meeting, Mrs. Venable, a returned missionary from China gave us a very interesting talk about her work with her husband as a medical missionary.

The meeting on the first Saturday in February was conducted by our Student Volunteer Band. Each member of the band made a talk on some phase of the work done in the Student Volunteer Movement.

At the Wednesday night prayer meeting of January twenty-first, Miss Woodruff talked to us. She had just that day returned from Richmond where she had been attending the Chapman-Alexander meetings. We were greatly interested in her account of the wonderful enthusiasm shown by the people, and of the beautiful singing ; and most of all we enjoyed her telling us parts of the beautiful sermons and talks she had heard. We are indeed glad that we had her message, so fresh from the great revival.

On Friday night, January twenty-ninth, the Social Committee entertained the girls whose birthdays come in January, at a candy stew.

It has been noticed that the average attendance on the Bible Classes has been better so far this session than ever before. Let us not fail to keep up this record to the end.

The first devotional meeting of the new year was an especially good one. The subject was, "New Year's Resolutions." Probably the most impressive part of the service was when all the members of the cabinet and the chairman of the committees, rose each in turn and made some good resolution. The memory thought of this meeting is contained in this sentence, "The best of us is no better than his best resolutions."

### Athletics.

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The game of basket-ball between the "College Widows" of Lexington and the S. N. S. team played in the Armory on February, the thirteenth was a most exciting game.

The "College Widows" dressed in their colors crimson and black ran out first upon the floor, then came the S. N. S. team in blue and white. They were greeted with cheers and yells by their enthusiastic college mates. Miss Overall, the S. N. S. coach, umpired the game, and Mr. Reiss of Hampden-Sidney was referee. During the first half for a while the game promised to be a very close one then S. N. S. began to score rapidly. When time was called the score was sixteen to four in favor of the Normal. The next half the Lexington girls began to come up but S. N. S. began to score again. When the whistle was blown to announce the score, it was twenty-five to thirteen in favor of the Normal School. The girls played splendidly against their good opponents and we are proud of them. The whole team is to be commended but particularly Grace Freeman, and Virginia Tinsley.

#### LINE UP OF S. N. S.      LINE UP OF LEXINGTON

Bessie Paulett, - -	R. F. - -	Miss Turner.
Virginia Tinsley, -	L. F. - -	Miss Howe.
Sophie Booker, - -	J. C. - -	Miss Barclay.
Grace Freeman, - -	R. C. - -	Miss Rogers.
Virginia Paulett, -	L. C. - -	Miss Gassman.
Aline Gleaves, - -	R. G. - -	Miss Bruce.
Alean Price, - -	L. G. - -	Miss Brocken-
		brough

Maggie Gilliam, - - Sub. - - Miss Howerton.  
Carrie Hunter, - - Sub.

Captains, Miss Turner, of "College Widows"  
and Miss Tinsley, of S. N. S.

On the night of February the twelfth the home basket-ball team entertained very informally the "College Widows" from Lexington, Virginia.

The reception hall was decorated in the colors of the visiting team, red and black, and was made very attractive and homelike by the use of chairs, divans, pillows and pennants. After dancing for awhile, the guests were led to the sitting-room where dainty refreshments were served.

Those present besides the two teams and their substitutes, were, Misses Rawlings, Barclay, Staples, Wright, Ward, Sinclair, Redd, and Mr. Reiss, the Hampden-Sidney coach.

At ten o'clock the managers ordered the teams to bed, so that they could be ready for next day's contest.

College Widows ! College Widows !

Quack ! Quack Quack !

College Widows ! College Widows !

Crimson and black !

Hi-yi ! ki-yi !

Sis boom bah !

Normal School ! Normal School !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

First throw ! second throw !

Third throw ! in !

Bravo ! Bravo !

We win ! We win !





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### TO BEAUTY SEEKERS.

---

Beauty is only skin deep—improve your skin. Ugliness goes to the bone—destroy the connective tissue and watch the results.

To remove freckles expose the face to the direct rays of the sun three hours a day. If this fails soak the face in buttermilk over night, then repeat the experiment.

If freckles prove troublesome, just “hand them a lemon.”

If you wish a bright complexion take arsenic three times a day, doubling the dose each time. You’ll soon gain your “end.”

Girls wishing curly eyebrows, use Marcel Wave.

To insure natural wave, wrap the hair around a broom-stick that has been freshly treated with mucilage. You will become “attached” to this method.

Dip your tresses into mercurous chloride and  
 "your golden hair will turn to silver gray."

Girls wishing a heavy suit of hair should singe  
 off an inch every night.

Brown eyed girls wishing the heavenly tint  
 should drop into each eye two drops of ammonia  
 water and THEY will look "blue."

Use either copperas or tincture of iron on the  
 teeth and you will have no trouble in brushing them.

A little concentrated lye (lie) upon the lips will  
 turn them white instantly.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above recipes have been tried by the girls  
 of the State Normal School and proved VERY ef-  
 fective.

"Three AB—Normal Elizabeths."

---

Johnny stuck his little brother  
 In the grate to watch him smother.  
 Pa found him there in awful fix;  
 Ain't he cute ? he's only six.—Ex.

---

Mary had a little hat  
 Not bigger than a stopper ;  
 Mary soon got rid of that ——  
 Her present hat's a whopper.—Ex.

---

There once lived a jolly young Mr.  
 Who called on another man's Sr.  
     The lights had burned low  
     When he started to go  
 So this sprightly young Mr. just hr.—Ex.

A green little freshman in a green little way  
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day ;  
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little freshman's green little grave.

—Ex.

---

#### WASTED SYMPATHY.

Sympathizing one—I heard you got burned last night, but I am so glad to know it is not true.  
Listener—I knew he wouldn't burn ; he's too “green.”

---

#### FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

Teacher—What letter is silent in “marriage ?”  
Pupil—“I.”  
Teacher—Yes, it's always I, never you.

---

What's the population of the earth ?  
Normalite—About 26,000.

---

#### TRANSLATIONS.

Teacher—What do you mean by “sic transit ?”  
Pupil—Why, that's the ambulance service.

---

#### PUNCTUATION.

Weary One—Mr. M-tt-n, please show me how to do this. I have been working on it a period.  
Mr. M-tt-n—I think, in your case, it's an interrogation point.

## MISTAKEN.

Librarian (to Psychology teacher)—Are you going to teach Angell's this term ?

Teacher—Why, certainly, I always do.

---

## IT PAYS.

Aunt P-tt—(on "note night")—Ah ! G-t-e, books and boys don't go together.

G-t-e—I know it. That is why I "cut out" the books.

---

## THE TRUTH HURTS.

Mary—I dreamed a strange man fell in love with me last night.

M—He certainly must have been a strange man.

---

Anxious teacher—What is poll-tax ?

Confident pupil—It is a tax of one dollar levied on dogs.

---

Teacher—What are raw materials ?

Pupil—Materials which are not cooked.

---

What's the difference between a heathen and a christian ?

The heathen bows down to stocks and stones, and the christian, to stocks and bonds.



The following exchanges have been received: The Critic, The St. Mary's Muse, The Monthly Chronicle, The Gray Jacket, The Daleville Leader, The Emory and Henry Era, The High School Student, The William and Mary Magazine, The Chatterbox, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Messenger.

The December number of the Gray Jacket, as far as it goes, is far above the average college magazine; but there is not a single poem in it. "Anent the Poe Centenary" is an excellent production. It not only gives us most interesting and valuable information, but it shows forth a deep appreciation of literature. After reading the article we are brought more fully to realize and appreciate Poe's literary ability, and with Poe to feel that "the rhythmical creation of beauty" is a worthy aim in poetry. "Memories" brought to us a sad yet sweet picture of life. "When Uncle Remus Treed a Wildcat" deserves no place in the literary depart-

ment of a magazine, for the essentials of literature are lacking.

The Hampden-Sidney magazine for January is almost entirely without poetry. Judging by the literary work done for the magazine, we are led to believe that the editor is asking wisely in requesting that more lively interest be taken in literary work. The January number is a step in advance of the preceding number, in that it has some fiction in it. The fiction, however, is extremely light. We trust that the editorial may have some effect, and that our friends and neighbors will bestir themselves, will take more pride and interest in the magazine, and soon win the place in the forefront of college magazines that they should hold.

The Critic is a surprisingly good magazine and deserves much praise. From beginning to finish it shows that the High School students are working in earnest, and bid fair to attain greater achievements.

The Messenger is a well-balanced magazine. It is one of the few that has come to us that contains sufficient poetry, and it has some good stories as well as weightier literary matter.



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